Enter Cleon the Gouernor of Tharsus, with his wife and others.

Cleon. My *Dionisia*, shall we rest vs here,
And by relating tales of others griefes,
See if t'will teach vs to forget our owne;
Dion. That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it,
For who digs hills because they do aspire,
Throwes downe one Mountaine to cast vp a higher:
O my distressed Lord, euen such our griefes are,
Here they are but felt, and seene with mischiefes eies,
But like to Groues being topt, they higher rise.
Cleon. O *Dionisia*,
Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it,
Or can conceale his hunger till he famish?
Our tongues and sorrowes do sound deepe:
Our woes into the ayre, our eyes to weepe,
Till tongues fetch breath that may proclaime
Them louder, that if heauen slumber while
Their creatures want, they may awake
Their helpers to comfort them.
Ile then discourse our woes felt seuerall yeares,
And wanting breath to speake, helpe me with teares,
Dion. Ile do my best Sir.
Cleon. This *Tharsus*, ore which I haue the gouernment,
A Citty, on whom plenty held full hand:
For riches strewd herselfe euen in the streetes,
Whose towers bore heads so high, they kist the clouds,
And strangers ne're beheld, but wondred at,
Whose men and dames so ietted and adorn'd,
Like one anothers glasse to trim them by:
There tables were for'd full, so glad the sight,
And not so much made to feede on as delight,
All pouerty was scornd, and pride so great,
The name of helpe grew odious to repeat.
Dion. O tis true.
Cleon. But see what heauen can do by this our change:

These mouthes, who but of late, earth, sea, and ayre,
Weare all too little to content and please,
Although they gaue their creatures in abundance:
As houses are defiled for want of vse.
They are now staru'd for want of exercise;
Those pallats, who not yet to fauers yonger,
Must haue inuentions to delight the taste,
Would now be glad of bred, and beg for it:
Those mothers, who to nouzell vp their babes,
Thought nought too curious, are reddy now
To eate those little darlings whom they loued,
So sharpe are hungers teeth, that man and wife,
Draw lots who first shall dye to lengthen life.
Here stands a Lord, and there a Lady weeping,
Heere many sicke, yet those that see them fall,
Haue scarse strength to giue them buriall.
Is not this true?
Dion. Our cheekes and hollow eyes do witnesse it.
Cleon. O let those Cities that of plenties cup.
And her prosperities so largely taste,
With their superfluous ryots heare these teates,
The misery of *Tharsus* may be theirs.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Wher's the Lord Gouernor?
Cleon. Here, speake out thy sorrowes, which thou bring'st in haste, for comfort is to farre for vs to expect.
Lord. We haue descried vpon our neigbouring shore,
A portly sayle of ships make hither ward.
Cleon. I thought as much.
One sorrow neuer comes but brings an heyre,
That may succeed as his inheritour:
And so in ours: some neighbouring Nation,
Taking aduantage of our misery,
That stuft the hollow vessels with there power,
To beare vs downe the which are downe already,
And make a conquest of vnhappy me,
Whereas no glory is got to ouercome.